

SPEAKS AT CONYERS.

Hon. W. Y. Atkinson Addressed a Large Crowd Yesterday.

A TITHE TO GENERAL EVANS

And Some Pleasant Words About Atlanta and a Tribute to National Issues Explained.

Conyers, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—Hon. W. Y. Atkinson delivered a strong and eloquent address at the courthouse at 10 o'clock this morning and was greeted by an audience which tested the capacity of the courtroom. His speech was replete with features of great interest and in it three tributes were made. One of these was the tribute he paid his distinguished opponent, another was his tribute to Atlanta and her people and the third was his clear-cut statement of his position on the Chicago platform.

Colonel Atkinson came down from Atlanta on the early train and was met at the depot by a number of his friends. After shaking hands all around he went with Dr. Stewart and Editor Norris Hale to the hotel, where he held a sort of informal reception up to the hour for the speaking.

It was a few minutes after 1 o'clock when Chairman A. M. Helm of the Rockdale county executive committee, who has been a strong Evans man, called the meeting to order, and in a few well chosen words introduced the speaker. In his introductory remarks Mr. Helm referred to the contest as being one of friendly rivalry within party lines and added that of course as soon as it was settled the two candidates would join together in support of the nominee.

As Colonel Atkinson walked to the stand he was greeted with hearty applause.

A Tribute to General Evans.

"I am glad," said he, "for the suggestion which your chairman has made that this is simply a family fight, a friendly rivalry. I am glad to say that it has been that throughout. I have never seen a more unkind or unkind word concerning my distinguished competitor, who is a gentleman of the highest worth and the purest character. I have said nothing to detract from him, and one of these is that I do not indulge in mudslinging, and the other is that my distinguished competitor deserves no unkind words that could be uttered. His opponent of me has been that a manly man and a true gentleman. He has not said one word which will bring him shame or mortification and neither have I. Between the two candidates it has indeed been a friendly rivalry; they have conducted themselves on a high plane, and if we can go through a lively campaign and end as friends, certainly my friends and I will be proud to have differences which the contest may have engendered. We are friends, he and I, and I honor him as a man and love him as a Christian gentleman. I have no doubt that any member of the democratic party should carry in his heart any unkind feeling toward any other member of the party, and I am satisfied there will be none. We must keep in mind the fact that we are all democrats, that we entered this campaign as friends and must end it as friends—presenting a united front and standing shoulder to shoulder until the end of the campaign, and explained at some length his position on the soldiers' home.

As to Atlanta.

"They have charged," said he, "that I have been fighting a losing battle. That I have made no fight on Atlanta, and my speeches from one end of Georgia to the other will bear me out in that statement. I have always drawn the distinction between the people of Atlanta and the people of Georgia, and in my controversy with them I have, I think, demonstrated my ability to give as well as to take. As for Atlanta, I have said that Atlanta as one of the greatest cities of Georgia and of the south, a city in which every Georgian and every southerner has a right to feel proud, and that the population is made up of thrifty, active, enterprising Georgians—men who love their home and work for its interests. I am anxious to see that the city of Atlanta be kept from the ruins left by Sherman, grow in its strength and power. All that she adds in strength to herself, she adds to the strength of Georgia. I do not make and I have not made any war upon Atlanta or upon the people of Atlanta; what I have said is that we who live in counties outside of Atlanta have a right to a fair division of the offices and I think I have made that pretty plain. No, I have not fought Atlanta or the people of Atlanta. I am as proud of her as any of her sons, for Atlanta belongs to Georgia."

On National Issues.

The speaker then went on to define his position on national issues. He said that he stood just where he stood two years ago when he went to the people of Georgia and called upon them to rally to the standard of democracy. "I believe," said he, "that it is the duty of a political party to be honest with the people, just as it is the duty of an individual to be honest in all his obligations. A party's first duty is to stand by the pledges it makes to the people."

Colonel Atkinson declared himself in favor of a revision of the tariff, in favor of the income tax and of the repeal of the 10 percent tax on state bank issues.

"I believe in the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver. We differ with our friends in the east on the currency question and it is our duty to put forward men to represent our views, who can impress these views upon the country and the world. Now, I differ with the president and the administration upon some of the details relating to this financial question. All of us—Cleveland and all—believe in gold and silver currency. Mr. Cleveland believes in silver as money and in the coinage of it on equal terms with gold, but he believes that the only way to do this is by international agreement. There is where I and a great many other members of the party, especially here in the south, differ with him. I believe in international agreement, but in my opinion, too remote a contingency to consider now. It is the duty of the government not to wait for that, but to take hold of this financial question for itself. Our country is amply able to take hold of this question and settle it for ourselves without waiting for the nod of a monarch. Now, while I differ with the president and the administration on some of the details, we must not forget that it is our administration. However, it is our plain duty to stand by our own views, to discuss the questions in frank and candid and to be true to our brethren in the other parts of the country and to put forward to represent us men who will represent the views of their people. While the president is so president and the only friend the south has had in the president's chair in thirty years, we still have a right to differ with him and to differ in earnestness, insisting upon our views."

He said that while congress has not done everything which the people have expected, it has still done a good deal, and as to estimate its work, he argued, was not by comparison with an ideal standard, but with what other congresses have accomplished.

In the same time. Judged by this standard, congress has done as much as could be expected of it.

To the Third Party.

Colonel Atkinson then turned his attention to the third party and showed that the test of party loyalty must be made as to platforms and not as to men. He declared that the third party people did not themselves believe in the platform of their party. He said that he pointed out the probable results of division among the people and urged those members of the third party who might be present to come back into the fold and work together for the interests of Georgia, building up and developing our great state.

He was frequently interrupted by applause and at the conclusion of his speaking everybody present came up and shook hands with him, pledging their sincere support in case of his nomination.

Close in Morgan.

Madison, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—The county is doubtful. Evans has seven majorities with three precincts to hear from. Both sides claim the county. Candler, Nesbitt and the other statehouse officers were endorsed. W. A. Boynton and W. P. Wallace were nominated for senator and representative, respectively.

Light Vote in Rabun.

Tallahassee, June 22.—(Special).—The vote in Rabun county today was light. Clayton, the county seat, is seventeen miles from the polls. The result will not be known here tonight.

Clifton Got Colquitt.

Darien, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—Colquitt county voted for Mr. Clifton with a solid vote. He did not nobly by only casting one vote against him. Old McIntosh county will do as much for him when he can.

Screen's Vote.

Rocky Ford, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—There was a very small vote in Screven county yesterday. Only 189 votes were polled. The vote was as follows: Evans, 100; Clifton, 89. Mr. P. H. Mock, of this place, received three complimentary votes. Nearly all the votes cast were polled at Savannah and Millen.

THE RECALTRANT WITNESSES

Certified to the Grand Jury—Washington Gossip.

Washington, June 22.—Vice President Stevenson this afternoon certified to the district attorney the cases of H. O. Havemeyer, president, and John H. Havemeyer, secretary, of the American Sugar Refining Company, who refused to give the details of the company's contributions to the vice president's campaign. In doing this the vice president overruled Senators Gray and Lindsay and sustained the two republicans and the populist on the committee, who recommended that criminal prosecution should be had with reference to Havemeyer and Searls, as was done in the cases of the other recaltrant witnesses.

Professor William F. Floyd, of coast and geodetic survey, has tendered his resignation to the president, and it is said by a gentleman who knows that the professor in his letter to the president put this action of the government on the ground that the secretary of the treasury has interfered with the working of the bureau by the retirement of experts and the substitution of inexperienced men to do the work. It is further stated that the bureau should be had with reference to Havemeyer and Searls, as was done in the cases of the other recaltrant witnesses.

Representatives Bailey of Texas, Williams of Mississippi, Goldsboro of Illinois, Hayes of Iowa, Senator Walsh of Georgia and Governor Hogg of Texas have accepted invitations to speak at the Tammany Hall, New York, on the 24th inst. They have been invited, but have not replied.

GLYNN COUNTY TEACHERS.

Instructors Are Elected for the Coming Year—Branham Retained.

Brunswick, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—The election of teachers for the ensuing year will be held on Monday next. The following were selected: Glynn high school, J. E. Kemp, principal; J. A. Carroll, third grade; Miss Lula C. Collesberg, second grade; Miss Josephine W. Holt, first grade.

Nelson grammar school—A. L. Franklin, principal; Miss Katie O'Connor, third grade, Miss Minnie Stanford, second grade; Miss A. M. Edgerton, first grade. Oglethorpe preparatory school—Miss Constance Butts, principal; Miss Bettie Alexander, second grade; Miss Mabel McDonald, first grade. The following were also elected: J. B. Superintendency, Miss Mabel Emory.

Superintendent A. I. Branham will retain his position, being re-elected in every respect and perfectly satisfactory to, not only the board of education, but to all the patrons of the schools.

All the Wheels Are Turning.

Brunswick, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—All of Brunswick's manufacturing enterprises with only one single exception are running at full speed and giving employment to the regular force. The Brunswick foundry and machine shops are prospering, and have just reorganized for the ensuing twelve months. The officers are: President, W. M. Dexter; directors, W. M. Dexter, T. W. Dexter, C. Downing, J. E. Dubignon and W. B. Burroughs.

To the Mines for Life.

Savannah, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—Jerry Holmes was sentenced to life in the penitentiary for the murder of Joseph Richardson, with a recommendation to the mercy of the court. He was sentenced to life imprisonment in the penitentiary for the murder of a drunken quarrel at a ten-cent hotel in Lovers' lane. The defense was that the shooting was accidental.

Dropped Dead.

Millersville, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—John Miller, a prominent merchant and one of the pillars of this place, dropped dead last night about 9 o'clock from heart disease.

THE DEATH ROLL.

West Point, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—Mr. Stueland, of Milton, died at about 12 o'clock. He had been sick for several days, but was up and attending to business up till Tuesday noon. On Thursday, Dr. Adger telegraphed to his wife, who was with the view of having a surgical operation performed. The patient was too low, however, to attempt the operation. Mr. Stueland was one of the most substantial business men of West Point. He was one of the most companionable of friends, a progressive citizen and a cultured gentleman. He was a consistent member of the Baptist church, and a member of the endowment rank of the Knights of Pythias. He leaves a wife and five children.

Meridian, Miss., June 22.—(Special).—Mr. Cole, a prominent citizen and one of the pillars of this county, was killed by Theo. Davies, a negro, yesterday. It seems that Cole undertook to arrest Davies on a charge of burglary. Davies resisted arrest and shot Cole. The negro is still at large.

Macon, June 22.—(Special).—Mr. Gabriel B. Roberts died this evening at 8 o'clock, after a long illness. He was one of the most prominent citizens of this city, and was the owner of the late G. B. Roberts, one of Macon's wealthiest and best known citizens.

Mr. Roberts was born in Wales, but came to this country with his father over half a century ago. He was a prominent citizen before the war and married Mr. Roberts in 1866. Her only immediate relatives now living are Mr. and Mrs. W. Williams, of Macon, and her niece, Mrs. Cullen Battle, of Macon. Mrs. Williams is her step-daughter. Mrs. Roberts has been in declining health several years. Her last illness was a long one, and she fully realized it was her final illness. The funeral services will be held tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock at the Methodist Episcopal church. The distinguished trait of Mr. Roberts' character was generosity. He did many acts of charity and mercy. By her will she distributed legacies and mementos to relatives and friends, some of whom were associates of her husband. She left moneyed remembrances to family servants. Among her gifts were a fine diamond and an endowment of \$5,000 to the Episcopal Appleton church home and a similar amount to the Methodist home of the South Georgia conference, located at Macon.

Drowned in the Tennessee.

Decatur, Ala., June 22.—(Special).—While attempting to swim the Tennessee river mile below Decatur, Ala., Colonel Walton, colored, was drowned yesterday. He was

COLORED TEACHERS.

The State Association Endorses the Cotton States Exposition.

IDA WELLS IS REPUTED.

One Delegate Makes the Point That She Is Too Far Away for Him to Endorse—Business Transacted.

Augusta, Ga., June 22.—(Special).—The state negro teachers' association, after being in session here three days, concluded tonight with a banquet. The following resolutions, endorsing the Atlanta exposition, introduced by C. F. Walker, D. D., were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, There is soon to be held in the city of Atlanta the Cotton States and International exposition; and

Whereas, The managers of that exposition have very kindly invited the negroes of the south to unite with them in making it a success; and

Whereas, We rejoice in any effort to advance the industrial progress of the south and to advance good feeling and harmony among the races of the south; therefore, be it resolved, That the negro teachers of the state, by their association, heartily endorse the proposed exposition.

Resolved, That we request our representatives in congress to urge the appropriation of the sum desired to aid in making the exposition a success.

Resolved, That we urge upon our people to make exhibitions there, and to visit and encourage the exposition in every way and heartily co-operate with the management to make it a success.

Resolutions by Professor Floyd, requesting the income tax government, and Captain Bradwell state school commissioner, were also adopted. The business of the association was then transacted. The following officers were elected: President, W. H. Spencer, of Columbus; Vice President, William F. Floyd, of Atlanta; Secretary, Silas H. Floyd, of Atlanta; Treasurer, William F. Floyd, of Atlanta; and Executive Committee, J. E. Wadley, Cashier, directors: C. C. Grace, president; Warren Lott, vice president; J. E. Wadley, cashier; directors: C. C. Grace, Warren A. Sessions, J. L. Sweet, H. Murphy, J. Q. Bailey, M. Albion, L. Johnson.

Will Keep Up the Fight.

Columbia, S. C., June 22.—(Special).—The republican executive committee has not abandoned the idea of contesting the state election registration law. They held a secret session today in the city hall, and the determination was reached to test the validity of all the approaching November elections.

Open and Ready for Business.

Washington, June 22.—(Special).—P. T. Tucker, deputy and acting comptroller of the First National bank of Washington, has issued a certificate to the officers of the First National bank of Washington, authorizing the opening of the said bank for the transaction of business on July 24. The securities have all been deposited. The capital stock is \$50,000. Just a few days ago the bank was a well-known citizen of this community. The robbers have not yet been found. Mr. Fall lives five miles from this city.

Steven Fall Robbed.

Montgomery, Ala., June 22.—(Special).—A special from Midland City, Ala., says: A few nights ago Mr. Steven Fall was robbed by three negroes or white men blacked. One of the men, entered the house, while the other two held Mr. Fall at bay. They secured \$15 and left him bound. Mr. Fall is a wealthy farmer. He also owns a wood and iron works, and has long been a well-known citizen of this community. The robbers have not yet been found. Mr. Fall lives five miles from this city.

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accompanied by his brother, who was picked up by a passing ship just when he was sinking. The drowned body was recovered about an hour later without much difficulty, as the water was muddy where he sunk. They were experimenting with their strength, the result of which came near proving fatal to both.

A Naval Battalion Proposed.

Montgomery, Ala., June 22.—(Special).—The Montgomery Register says: "The recent action of the Louisiana legislature in organizing a naval battalion, suggests the question why should not Alabama have a naval battalion of this community. The Atlantic coast states have already completed an effective organization of that nature. The government furnishes ships and officers, and in many of the Atlantic states great proficiency has been attained. Mobile, of course, would have to be the headquarters of the naval battalion of Alabama, and the time between Atlanta and Washington of the system of trade could furnish some excellent material for our state navy."

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PUBLISHED DAILY, SUNDAY, WEEKLY.

The Daily, per year, \$5.00
 The Sunday (20 to 25 pages), 2.00
 The Daily and Sunday, per year, 7.00
 The Weekly, per year, 1.00
 All editions sent postpaid to all addresses.
 At these reduced rates all subscriptions must be paid in advance.

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ATLANTA, GA., June 23, 1894.

Banks, Bonds and the Gold Reserve.

It is understood that the New York banks are again about to go through the solemn farce of coming to the rescue of the treasury. The repetition of this highly seasoned entertainment ought to afford instruction as well as amusement to those who take an interest in such matters.

The meeting of the bank presidents the other day for the purpose of discussing the situation, was pretty well advertised. It is to be presumed, however, that no disinterested reader can have failed to observe what the upshot of the meeting was. It was a movement in the interest of a new issue of bonds. A report of the meeting that has not been printed outside of the little financial papers, declares that the bankers at that meeting were unanimous for the issue of 3 per cent bonds. Another report, just as well authenticated, says they were in favor of an issue of 4 per cent fifty-year bonds.

The whole truth of the matter is that the New York banks want another \$50,000,000 of 5 per cents, but they want them at par. They paid a premium, for the recent issue, and now they want to realize on that premium by taking the new bonds at or below par. That is the object of the maneuvering that brought the bank presidents together the other day.

That meeting, as we have said, was widely advertised in the press dispatches—because it is part of the plan to convince the public mind that the people's treasury is about to be brought face to face with a terrible calamity. Therefore the public was given to understand that the patriotic bankers had assembled their leaders together for the purpose of helping the treasury and the administration out of a very deep hole.

It is worthy of note, however, that when President Williams proposed that the banks should hereafter supply for foreign houses with gold for export, (which, he intimated, would be about \$15,000,000), and thus relieve the strain on the treasury, there was no response from the other bank presidents. They smiled and shook their heads. They were willing to help the treasury, of course, but they didn't want to enter into any ironclad agreement; and so Mr. Williams' modest little proposition promptly found its way to the waste basket. They have consented, orally, to furnish some gold for export, but, as The Daily Stockholder says, all the gold the banks may supply will come out of the treasury reserve. That much is certain.

But the bank presidents have made a tactical mistake, we think, in giving such wide advertisement to their meeting and to their fear of a crisis. They made a similar mistake in 1893, when they started a little panic to compel the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. The panic got beyond their control, and in the end the banks suffered as heavily as any other interest. The forces they put in motion got beyond their control. And now, we can observe infallible signs in the markets and elsewhere that the meeting of the presidents and their discussion have caused a vague feeling of alarm that may suddenly assume serious proportions. Serious, that is to say, from the standpoint of the New York bankers, but not at all serious from the standpoint of the people. The bankers would regard the suspension of gold payments by the treasury as a calamity; whereas it would prove to be a blessing for the people in general and the business interests of the country in particular.

But these matters apart, what are the people to think of the situation that now confronts the treasury and the banks? What are they to think of the pledges and promises made to them by the agents of the gold trust, by the bankers, by the golding newspapers, and by the political trimmers? The merchants and business men were told by the bankers that all that was necessary to relieve the financial strain and restore confidence was the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. The people of the country were told that all that was necessary to restore prosperity was the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law. The farmers were told that unconditional repeal would increase the price of their cotton and wheat. The wage earners were told that unconditional repeal would enable their employers to increase their wages. The idle laborers were told that unconditional repeal would be the means of giving them employment. Everything depended on unconditional repeal.

While these declarations and promises and appeals filled the air, The Constitution warned business men and merchants, farmers and laboring men that unconditional repeal would fix upon

them all the evil results of the single gold standard. We warned them that business would not revive, that prices would go lower, and that every interest except that involving coupon-clipping and interest collections would suffer even more severely than they were then suffering. We warned the farmers that the prices of their commodities would fall, and we warned the people generally that unconditional repeal of the Sherman law was a sham and a delusion—a snare intended to entrap them into giving their consent to the establishment of the single gold standard.

The reply made to the arguments on which we based our opinions was that they were conceived in ignorance of finance and were simply personal attacks on Mr. Cleveland and his administration. The files of The Constitution are accessible to those who desire to see whether the arguments we employed are sound, or whether the predictions made as to the result of unconditional repeal have been fulfilled.

What is happening this summer was foretold in our editorial columns twelve months ago.

A Terrible Plague.

The reports of the frightful ravages of the plague in the seaports of China are alarming. The New York Sun declares that it is the Black Death which has raged in Europe many times during the past two thousand years. It was very destructive in the time of Trojan. It killed 61,000,000 people in the fourteenth century. In 1656, when it visited Naples, 30,000 people died. In 1665 it turned London into a charnel house and killed 69,000 people in a few months. The Sun says:

The symptoms of the disease as it appears there are fever, headache, glandular swellings in the neck, armpits and groins, and in 1867, in Bagdad, in 1870, in 1871, in 1872, in 1873, in 1874, in 1875, in 1876, in 1877, in 1878, in 1879, in 1880, in 1881, in 1882, in 1883, in 1884, in 1885, in 1886, in 1887, in 1888, in 1889, in 1890, in 1891, in 1892, in 1893, in 1894, in 1895, in 1896, in 1897, in 1898, in 1899, in 1900, in 1901, in 1902, in 1903, in 1904, in 1905, in 1906, in 1907, in 1908, in 1909, in 1910, in 1911, in 1912, in 1913, in 1914, in 1915, in 1916, in 1917, in 1918, in 1919, in 1920, in 1921, in 1922, in 1923, in 1924, in 1925, in 1926, in 1927, in 1928, in 1929, in 1930, in 1931, in 1932, in 1933, in 1934, in 1935, in 1936, in 1937, in 1938, in 1939, in 1940, in 1941, in 1942, in 1943, in 1944, in 1945, in 1946, in 1947, in 1948, in 1949, in 1950, in 1951, in 1952, in 1953, in 1954, in 1955, in 1956, in 1957, in 1958, in 1959, in 1960, in 1961, in 1962, in 1963, in 1964, 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Closing the Offer.

Today is the last day on which the prize offer for the best story of 1,000 words about "A Summer Vacation" is open. No stories which bear a postmark later than the 23d will be allowed to compete for the prize. All those, therefore, who wish to compete for the prize must send us their stories today, or mail them so that they will not be dated later than the 23d. The rules of the contest have been published twice in this column, and all are doubtless familiar with them. The contest is open to all boys and girls under fifteen years of age, and the prize is \$5 in gold.

On Monday morning we will turn over the stories, and there are a great many of them, to a committee, which will decide which is the best. The story winning the prize will be published in next Saturday's Junior. The young people have taken a great interest in the contest, and we are very sure that the prize story, whichever it may be, will be well worth reading.

In this connection we wish to call the attention of the boys and girls to our "Correspondence" column, in which our young readers are given an opportunity to tell any interesting or instructive stories or incidents that they wish to write about. The only rule is that every letter be made short—not over 150 words—and each letter must be about some interesting fact or incident—a description of your locality, if it is an interesting place; something about the tricks of your pets, anything that you think would interest the other boys and girls. We announced on last Saturday that we would start this column this week, and already we have received several very interesting letters, which appear in another column. Address your letters to The Constitution, Jr., and they will receive prompt attention.

Two New Features.

In this issue of The Junior appears the second installment of "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" and the first installment of "A Fok'sle Story." These two stories are written by two of the best writers of children's stories in America. "Little Mr. Thimblefinger" is by Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, whom all the boys and girls know best as "Uncle Remus." In his new story he has found some strange characters and wonderful adventures for the young people, which will doubtless be as charming as the "Uncle Remus" stories.

"A Fok'sle Story" is by Miss Molly Elliott Seawell, probably the leading writer of sea tales for the young now living. So excellent is her work that all the children's story papers and magazines are clamoring for it, and we feel very much gratified to be able to publish in The Junior a story from her pen of such rare interest as "A Fok'sle Story."

The Story of a Memory.

There was a little girl who liked stories. She would listen to hear them read, but she liked those best which were told to her. So one day when her uncle had been reading to her, she put her hand on the page and said, "Now tell me one." And he laid down the book, and, looking into her bright blue eyes, began:

"This book that I have been reading, my dear, was written by a great and good man, who gave his life to writing beautiful stories for children. In his own land, he was called the Christian's friend, and when he died his countrymen raised a beautiful monument to his memory. Now, I will tell you a story of a memory that always comes to me when I read these fairy tales. When you read about Big Klaus and Little Klaus, and the Fir Tree, and The Snow Queen, and all those wondrous things, you must think of an old home, away down in the south, where there once lived three little children. They had a book just like this one of yours, and the three little heads used to bend over it and listen with wide-open eyes to the strange adventures of the storks and the swallows and the princesses. One little head was black as jet, and had bright brown eyes and rosy cheeks. It was a very sweet little head, and belonged to a little girl who is now grown up, and whom you call mother. There was another little head, with golden hair and blue eyes, which was always full of visions of brightness. This little head has carried those visions of brightness into its life, and that is why your aunt is always laughing. There was a third little head, which belonged to a little boy. To this little head all the stories seemed true; and now that is also grown, and is telling you a story.

"These three little heads used to bend for hours over these stories. They admired the bravery of the Tin Soldier and hung breathless over the adventures of Little Tottle. They thought Little Klaus the smartest and funniest fellow imaginable, and their sorrow was very real for the unfortunate Mud King's daughter. They thought that the flowers and trees had voices—and so they have, and will always talk to those who will listen to them; not like people talk, but in a way that those who listen can understand. They loved to think that there were elves in all the trees, and when the bees hummed about them, they thought that they were very wise voices, in their own way.

thought that they were voices, in their own way.

"Then in the winter, when the wind came out of doors and made everybody feel cozy inside, and when the fire blazed up the chimney and made the three little heads all bright and rosy, they would talk knowingly of Santa Klaus, and would write notes to send up the chimney to him. And sometimes they would listen and fancy they heard the beat of reindeer hoofs upon the housetop. Then, when the six little eyelids would begin to droop, a little woman whom they all loved dearly would come and tuck them in bed and kiss them all good night. This little woman had black hair and eyes that were brown. Her hair will not be black to you, my dear, for it is slowly turning to silver, but the eyes will be the same and the kiss just as soft when she tucks you in bed and tells you good night; for as she bends over you a vision will come to her of the three little sleepers in the old home away down in the south long ago.

"Then, when the three little heads all lay on three white little pillows, and the brown eyes and the blue eyes were closed fast, Ole Luck-Ole, the dream god, would come and sit by their beds and tell them such wondrous tales as can only come in the dreams of a child.

"Now, my dear, it may be that when you are old enough to read these stories for yourself there will be some little heads to bend with yours over them, and you, too, may have brothers and sisters. Then your mother will tell you many things about that old home where she was a child. And when you are grown into a sweet little woman yourself, I hope that in your memory there will be as loved a picture of your child home as there is in the three little heads of my story."

A Young Sculptor.

There recently appeared in Harper's Young People a sketch of an Atlanta boy, who is destined to make his mark in the world if he lives.



He is Master B. N. Alexander, and he has a remarkable genius for carving and molding. Before he could walk, it is said, he would tear figures of animals out of bits of paper.

As he grew older he made use of everything of a pliable nature on which he could lay his hands, and at table would deprive himself of his food, keeping the soft inside of his cornbread and potatoes and molding small animals out of them afterward. Puddings and candies were put to the same use, and on one occasion, having been presented with some chewing gum, he used it to mold a little horse, sticking real horse hair in for the mane and tail.

Benny is a bashful tongue-tied child, very small for his age, and takes little or no interest in the play and occupations of other children, but lives apart in a world of his own creation. Feeling that he is not healthily commonplace like other children, the neighbors look upon him as peculiar, and perhaps a little daft, and to escape possible ridicule he has taken lately to burying the figures he makes. Most of his time is spent down by a branch near the house modelling animals from the mud of the stream and lining the banks with a menagerie of small elephants, lions, tigers, etc.

Doubtless in course of time this southern boy will make a name for himself in the world of art, if his wonderful genius develops as it now gives promise of doing.

Hazing a Maine Man.

The foolish barbarity, the practice of college hazing, which ninety times out of a hundred consists of a brutal and cowardly attack of several youths upon a single one, has to a great extent disappeared. Now and then brutal "initiations" into secret societies are heard of; some of these have resulted in permanent injury to an "initiated" person, and even in death. Every such outrage renders the practice of hazing, in any shape in which it may survive, the more odious and disgraceful. Sometimes the practice is discouraged by the exceeding difficulty of managing the person who is to be hazed. A case of this sort is recorded by an old college man in The New York Tribune:

"I was a sophomore," he says, "and, of course, was particularly intolerant of all freshmen. Hazing had been strictly forbidden, under penalty of expulsion, and we could not get together more than half a dozen adventurous souls who were willing to take a great risk in order to punish the freshmen for presuming to come to college. After all the lamps were out, we would steal from our rooms, meet in the corridor, and then make a descent on some lonely freshman, and 'do him up.'"

"We had operated successfully on two or three men, and were enjoying the sport thoroughly. The next night it was the turn of a long, raw-boned, bashful youth from Maine, who had nothing to say to any one, and whose only care seemed to be to keep his hands and feet out of sight."

"We anticipated rare sport with him, and I remember now the haughty feeling with which I strode into his dark bed chamber at the head of our gang, after we had forced our way in by twisting off the lock."

"The other men had generally cowered in their bedclothes, and piteously asked to be let alone. The Maine man, on the contrary, jumped out of bed as if he were glad to meet us."

"He said not a word as he moved around in the dark, but how he did hit us! I never before experienced such fiendish strength as he seemed to possess. His room seemed to be full of old furniture, over which we stumbled, and over and under which he knocked us in the darkness, with the precision and force of a trip-hammer."

"I don't believe any of us hit him once. I know that after I had caught a terrible

which seemed upon us; he utterly defeated me. A whirlwind from Maine, and, when he let us out of his horrid den, more dead than alive, and we had had time to collect our shattered senses, I said:

"The Maine fellow must have gone out, boys, and left a gorilla in his bed!"

"We decided all at once that hazing was an unmanly sport, a relic of barbarous times, quite beneath the dignity of modern young gentlemen."

P Panther's Spring.

Fifty feet below us, as I step out on a mass of rock and look down, is a bit of valley with a silver stream running down it from a spring under my feet, and drinking from this stream are several wild horses of the plains. They are the real mustangs—swift, hardy and wary, and Indian and wolf have pursued them in vain. An antelope might run with them for a couple of miles, but not further. The Indians have ponies more fleet, but not with such endurance. Let pursuit be attempted and one of the mustangs, wild and untamable and knowing no master, would strike a gallop which would not lag or be broken for fifty miles. These seven belong to the drove of fifty we saw two days ago and were probably separated during the thunderstorm of yesterday. As I watch them they turn away from the stream, bite at each other in play, and one begins to feed towards me. The grass is sweet and green, but he takes a bite here and there as he comes, as if hunger were almost satisfied, and finally reaches a sapling growing almost at the base of the cliff and begins to rub against it.

Thirty feet below me is another jutting mass of rock, entirely bare except for a single stunted bush. It is twenty feet above the horse and the same distance away. I have heard nothing from the rocks and bushes below me—not the snap of a twig or the rustle of a branch—but suddenly an object attracts the eye. Fairly beneath me a panther creeps out of its lair in the rocks and moves forward. He looks to the right and the left, but not upwards. Let me move hand or foot and his ears would catch the sound. He has heard the horses and crept out to investigate. He is a fair shot for me, but the idea of firing on him does not occur. As he pulls himself slowly forward to peer over the edge of the rock his fur shines like velvet and the play of all his muscles can be seen. His ears work rapidly and his tail moves softly to and fro. When he thrusts his nose over the edge and gets sight of the horse below, a sort of shiver passes over him, and for thirty seconds the tail is still. He is surprised, but he soon rallies. His every action for the next two minutes betrays his intentions. He measures the distance of the leap to an inch. He half rises to feel if he can get a good foothold on the rock. He moves to the left to be entirely clear of the bush, and when he sinks down again I see that he has gathered his feet under him for the spring. The tail moves like the pendulum of a clock, and I hear a grating sound as his sharp claws meet the surface of the rock.

The mustang stands quivering and has backed up a little to rub its neck. Only his head is now on the far side of the tree. Never did victim offer a fairer shot. The panther's ears are suddenly laid flat to his head; he utters a low, fierce snarl, and while I am watching him with wide-open eyes he disappears. He shot off the rock so swiftly that my eyes could not follow him. I did not see him in the air, but I saw him as he alighted on the horse. The force of the spring threw the poor animal down and rolled him over, but he was up in a flash and the panther on his back again. This time the savage beast was farther forward, and as the horse reared up and plunged around I saw the panther biting at the base of his neck and tearing away at the shoulder and leg with his hind claws. Now I raised my rifle to shoot, but the six other mustangs came forward with a rush. For thirty seconds every animal seemed to be on his hind feet and walking in a circle, and all were snorting and neighing. Then I noticed the panther on the ground and heard him whining and howling like a dog in pain. He was rolled over this way and that, but he somehow managed to get clear of the hoofs and limped into full view. I had my rifle ready and gave him a shot that tumbled him over, and the sharp report sent the horses galloping out of the valley. The one which had been assailed galloped off with the rest, and so I figured that he could not have been very severely hurt.

By and by I found away down the cliff and inspected my prize. He must have died within a few minutes had I not shot him. Two of his legs were broken, one era bitten off, half his tail gone and he had several broken ribs. He had plainly seen the other horses before his spring, but he had probably counted on their running away.

A Fox Hunting Steer.

Animals sometimes develop strange traits, and do things which seem to be entirely opposed to their nature. Probably one of the funniest cases of this kind is that of a steer on a farm in Lackawanna county, Pa., which has a turn for fox hunting and fence jumping. There are four fox hounds on the farm, and when Pete, which is the name of the steer, was a calf, he became attached to the dogs, and used to run and bellow after them whenever they started after a fox. He would follow them till a fence stopped him when he trotted back to the barnyard and acted as if he was lonesome.

One day lately the farmer put three hounds on a fox's track, and Pete, who was in the barnyard when the hounds gave tongue, rushed out down the road, over a fence and across the fields. The fox led the hounds a lively chase, and played all manner of tricks on them to throw them off the scent. He went through a swamp, ran on to a bridge, then leaped off the end and took a spurt on a wall, but could not shake his pursuers off.

He ran through the front yard of a neighboring farm, and a strange dog joined in the chase. Pete seemed to think the newcomer had no business there, so he jumped at it, tossed it over the fence, and joined the hounds which had been following him, and looked on as they ran.

he chanced dreamed at that time of the care of a blind as well as upon his hands. The first time ever took of anything was the a rooster. Up to the discovery that some animation came into the boy's face upon hearing the roosters crow and the hens cackle, there was no other thought of the Bethunes, nor of the boy's parents, but that Tom was a blind, listless idiot. The mother of the boy was the first to discover that sounds of this kind seemed to awaken some interest in her offspring.

No amount of the usual methods to have her babe take notice had aroused Tom from his lethargy—so you can imagine how the old black mother felt when she saw the boy's face brighten and something of a smile play about his lips as the cocks crew around where he sat in a basket by the wash place. The mother's eyes were watching the babe all along through the hours it took her to perform her week's work at the washtub, and it was nothing more than natural that she should go to work to make strange sounds to have her babe take notice. This old black mamma has told me that the tingling of the pot-hooks upon the sides of the washtub on that day was the beginning of the discovery of Tom's powers. Since that time his history is familiar on two continents, and the children can ask their parents if they wish to hear all about Black Tom and his wonderful musical powers.

In happy contrast—if "happy" can be applied to such things—was a bright little white girl of whom Griffin could boast about this time. This little girl's deformity would have made her the pet of the town, even had she not been so bright and intelligent along with it, and as she grew she developed into such a sweet character that I am sure all of Griffin and middle Georgia feels proud in claiming her as its own. This little girl had no arms at all, but instead of drooping through the world bemoaning her fate, she set an example worthy of imitation, and achieved a success seldom surpassed. She performed on the piano splendidly, but it was in her fine needle work that she surpassed all the other girls of her age. So artistic was she with her needle, that she could have easily earned her own living at any time, and never failed to carry off the prize when such work was in competition. She used her toes as fingers, and was altogether at home in the nicest circles to entertain or to make herself useful.

Another curiosity that used to enliven the old "plank road" through Pike and Spalding counties with the pop of his whip and the tinkle of the "waggoner's bells" was a legless negro, familiarly known as "Blanton's Neel." Old Neel was rated in those days as the best waggoner upon the road, and yet he had no legs at all, nor did he have any fingers. His arms ran off to a point at the hand, and so much was he like a frog in all his appearance and in his movements, that the bad boys used to croak "Jug-er-rum, jug-er-rum, jug-er-rum!" when they wished to tease him. This negro hauled lumber from Blanton's mills for years, and if there was a bad horse along the road that needed taming, Neel was the man to do it. He had two trusty "wheelers" and a good "leader," and cared not how wild the other three of his team chanced to be. He broke more young horses than any man in Georgia, and one was never known to get away from him. It was curious to watch him as he sat, so much like a frog, upon his "saddle mule," and made "pulls" that was the envy of other negro waggoners.

Old Neel declared that he would "out-general" the soldiers who were scouring the country for whatever they might devour in the war period, and to that end he had arranged himself a little cave in the woods near his cabin. He had thrown out a square hole of about ten feet, covered it with poles and then with leaves, so that it looked just as the other ground around it. When the Yankees came, Neel was hid away in this place, and watched them through a crack as they filled the yard at the "big house" and searched every nook for hidden treasures. As Neel watched what was going on outside, he neglected to notice an old gray goose which he had tied by the leg in one corner of his cave. The goose had got upon a box and then worked his head out through the poles and leaves and stretched his neck as high as he could and screamed with all his might. The Yankees went tilting toward the place, and it was only the work of a moment for them to tear away the top; but, as old Neel hopped out and around like a frog, the first that arrived retreated and vowed that "old Nick" himself was down in the woods. Old Neel has always said since that it would not do to have anything to do with a goose.

Sarge Plunkett.

To Some Little Southern Girl.

My grandpa went to war long years ago—I never saw him, but they told me so, And now, after a battle, sad news came, Among the "missing" was my grandpa's name.

They never heard of him again, they said, And so we know that grandpa must be dead; And when I think of him, so good and brave, I wish we knew where he had found a grave.

When Decoration Day comes, every year, I feel so sad, and sometimes shed a tear, To see the soldiers' graves all spread with flowers, While grandpa's grave is empty of ours.

So if some day you see a soldier's grave, And think of grandpa, please don't grieve, But place a flower on his grave, and say, "I love you, grandpa, and I'll never leave."

gether in the
fine English frigate
under a huge spread of canvas
be suspended between the sky and the sea.
Among the fleet there was the usual activity
and business of the morning. A great line
of battle ship, with the red pennant flying
at her fore, indicating that she was taking
powder aboard, lay out in the foreground.
An admiral's barge at the gangway of a
handsome black frigate showed that she
had distinguished company on board, and
the sound of the band playing on the quar-
ter deck and noise made by the parading
of the marine guard was distinctly borne
ashore by the wind. On every ship some-
thing was going on in the way of the or-
derly bustle of a man-of-war. On shore,
too, the morning drill was taking place,
and the regiments of redcoats made a
brilliant splash of color in the somber tones
of the ancient town. The scene was charm-
ing, but to two figures sitting on the rocks
it was delectable enough. One of them was
a boy of thirteen, by name Dicky Stubbs,
with a handsome, tanned face, not wholly
innocent of freckles, and a wide mouth
that was evidently made for laughing. But
he was not laughing now, nor anywhere
near it. His companion was a seafaring
man of nearly sixty. He had, however,
that indescribable air of neatness and order
which plainly shows a man-of-war's man.
And, indeed, fifty of Jack Bell's sixty years
of life had been spent in the
British navy. But when the colonies
had revolted, Jack, rightly concluding that
his country had need of every good stout
arm that could be mustered in her service,
promptly deserted from the British ship in
which he was serving and enlisted in the first
naval squadron of the colonies. He had
only served a few months, though, when he
had been captured in a boat expedition,
along with Dicky Stubbs, whose career as
helper to Jock o' the Dust and powder boy
was rudely cut short in the beginning. It
would have gone hard with Jack Bell except
at the very time of his capture he had gal-
lantly leaped overboard to save a young
ensign who had been thrown out of the
boat while making a dangerous landing.
The young officer's head had struck on a
sunken rock, and while the men in the boat
hesitated to make the fearful plunge amid
unknown risks, Jack Bell had coolly jumped
over, dived and saved him. For this the old
sailor had been put in a mere nominal im-
prisonment at Newport, and the very ob-
vious fact winked at that he had taken
French leave of the British service. He
had liberty all day and only went back to
the lockup at night, thereby, as he said
himself, "havin' a sight more liberty than
any foremast man as he knowed on."
There was, however, small chance for his
escape, as the town of Newport had a very
effective cordon of redcoats around it night
and day. Jack had a good many more ac-
quaintances among the sailors on the fleet
than was either convenient or agreeable to
him—but the fact that he was an American
and would not fight against his country put
an entirely different face on his desertion,
and he was more respected than condemned
for it. As for Dicky Stubbs, he had fondly
imagined that he would have all the dig-
nity and prestige of a prisoner of war.
What was his chagrin, then, when the
young officer, Lieutenant Forrester, who
had interested himself in the lad at Jack
Bell's request, took Dicky to his mother's
door and presented him, saying:

"Here, madame, is your young cockerel
which we have captured. If you will
promise to give him a good birching and
keep him at home, nothing will be done to
him."

Dicky at this nearly wept with rage and
disappointment. His mother, though, who
was a woman of spirit and some education,
and whose husband had been among the
first soldiers killed in the revolution, re-
plied calmly:

"I shall not do either. While I thought
him too young to enlist, yet when he did
it without my permission I said no word of
reproof to him; and when he is old enough
to carry his father's musket he shall cer-
tainly be found in the continental ranks—
that is, if he continues to be my son."

Lieutenant Forrester took off his cap to
the poor widow who so dared to speak.

"I respect your sentiments, madame," he
said, "and I mean well by your boy. In-
stead of sending him to New York with the
other prisoners I secured his release on ac-
count of his youth, and, while he will be
brought back if he attempts to go out of
the limits of the town, he will not be mo-
lestated as long as he behaves himself."

Thus Dicky saw his hopes of being treated
like a man and a prisoner of war ruth-
lessly dashed to the ground. He had a
good deal of talk while he was in the
ship about officers and soldiers, but without
knowing the difference between the two
cases, he was now to be treated as a
child.

the American
must be done to earn a
Dicky remembered during his brief
career he had earned a good many pennies
by singing for the men in the fo'k's'le, and
had more than once been sent for to sing
in the cabin and wardroom—for he had one
of the sweetest and clearest young voices
imaginable. He had got hold of a few old
song books and with his mother's help he
learned the airs, and thenceforth went
about Newport singing at the street cor-
ners and in taverns and on ships. It would
have been an evil thing for a boy of less
backbone and principles than Dicky Stubbs,
but under his shock of tow-colored hair
was an excellent portion of brains—and so
Dicky went around chirping out his songs
like some sweet-voiced birdling, handing
his ragged cap around and taking the pen-
nies and shillings home to his mother as
regularly as clockwork. His repertory was
not extensive, comprising a few sentimental
songs and a dog-eared collection of patriotic
songs, which he fitted to tunes that he
knew. It was sometimes rather a risky
business to sing these songs, but Dicky
knew his audiences pretty well. Although
he did not always sing his "rebel songs,"

Rhode Island. "He's a long
ler, although he is mighty proud. I
quarter deck fellers as if they was foreman
people. But he knows more than most of
'em what to do, so that's why the patriots
is hankerin' arter him. At 9 o'clock to-
night a boat is goin' to be pulled across the
bay, and Cap'n Barton with twenty men is
goin' to sneak up to the Overing house,
where the gin'ral is stayin', while they're
fixin' reg'lar headquarters for him. They're
goin' to take the place by boardin'—I dun-
no what the soldiers' word is for ketchin'
him with a rush—and they're goin' to put
him in the boat and take him back to
Providence plantations. Now, the redcoats
is monstrous keener about standin' watch
round the Overing house—they've got a
sentry or two that marches up and down
and then goes and stands in the corner o'
the house by the chimney—but Cap'n Bar-
ton wants some one to go to him the word
about 12 o'clock tonight when the coast is
clear. I'd do it myself, but I hasn't stay



HE DIVED AND RESCUED HIM.

as the English sailors and soldiers called
them, he would not sing any British ones.
Once when a lot of soldiers, gathered in
the tavern kitchen, wanted to make him
sing "God Save the King," and locked the
door on him, Dicky, watching his chance,
made a break for the window, dashed the
sash out with a rolling pin and scrambled
out before they could catch him. The pro-
prietor, who was a good American, gave
Dicky a terrific wiggling in public and pro-
fessed a determination to have the window
mended at the Widow Stubbs's expense;
but in private he gave Dicky a shilling
and bade him stick to his determination
never to sing "God Save the King."

Dicky's only intimate friend
Bell, and the two were inseparable.
and Jack, who was a
low, kept a sharp
every evening
pipe in

away from the lockup, because that would
let 'em know that sumpin' was up. But I
says, 'There's a little tow-headed chpa as
I knows on that has got a head on his
shoulders and a pair of eyes as is worth
sumpin'—and he kin hang round the house
and won't nobody think it's nothin' but
'stayin' out agin' his mother's orders—
you're that chap,' said Jack Bell.

Dicky a friend
him

Grecian chief
the Trojan war. "H
character as the "most perfect of
rees." The third, a Roman senator and
orator who was styled "The father of his
country, and the second founder of Rome."
The fourth, one of a class of "viviparus or
oviparus animals having a body marked by
several cross lines or incisions." The fifth,
a country between Macedonia and the Ion-
ian sea; one of its first kings was a son
of Achilles. The sixth, a warlike people
of Gaul, who were totally defeated by
Caesar in a battle occurring in the year 53
B. C. The seventh, the tenth month of the
sacred year of the Hebrews.

The primals, reading downward, and the
finals, reading upward, read together, will
name a subject of study.

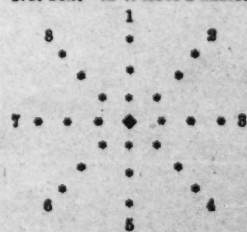
Geographical Letter.

My Dear (a port in Cape Colony)—It
seems such a (strait in Siberia) time since
I wrote to you. I am writing an essay on
the (lake in Canada) trade. (Cape in Vir-
ginia) and I went for a long walk the other
day. We went to see an old blind (island
in the Irish sea). He had a lovely (island
in the West Indies). As we came back
there were some cows in a field which
frightened us very much, so we had to go
through a (town in France) in the hedge.
The other day we saw some curious old
(town in England) which belonged to (Cape
in Virginia) IV. I hope all your (lake in
Manitoba) are quite well. With love to
your loving friend (town in A
(town in England.)

An Old Saying Illustrated.



No. 182.—A Wheel Puzzle.



Arrange the eight words, the meanings
of which are given below, as the spokes of
the wheel so that the outside letters, read
in the order of 1 to 8, will give the name
of one of the queens of England. Every
word contains an equal number of letters,
and the final letter of each is the same.

1. Concelted. 2. A metal. 3. One
Adam's sons. 4. An aquatic food
place for baking. 6. A color. 7. A
boy's name. 8. A town in

Key to

Crossword
Puzzle

ATLANTA, GA., SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1894.

THE MR. THIMBLEFINGER

Queer Country—What the Children Saw and Heard There.

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS, (Author of "Uncle Remus.")

PART II.

Mr. Thimblefinger's Country.

The next morning Sweetest Susan was awake early. She wanted very much to turn over and go to sleep again, for her eyes were heavy and her body was tired. But the moment she remembered the wonderful events of the night before she sat up in bed and looked around. Drusilla was still asleep and snoring very loudly, but Sweetest Susan jumped out of bed and shook her by the shoulder.

"Drusilla! Drusilla! wake up!" cried Sweetest Susan. Drusilla stopped short in her snoring and turned over with a groan. She kept her eyes closed and in a moment she would have been snoring again, but Sweetest Susan continued to shake her and called her until she squealed out:

"Who dat? What do you want? Oh, Lordy!"

"Wake up, Drusilla," said Sweetest Susan, "I want to ask you something."

"Ain't I wake? How kin I be any waker when I'm wake? Oh, is dat you, honey? I wuz skeer'd 'twas dat lit' bit er ol' omen. Whar she gone? Las' time I seed her she wuz des walkin' 'roun' here like she wuz gwine ter tremple on me. I laid low, I did."

Sweetest Susan clasped her hands together and cried: "Oh, wasn't it a dream, Drusilla? Did it all happen sure enough?"

Drusilla shook her head wildly. "How kin we bofe have de same kind er dream? I seed he 'oman gwine on, en you seed 'er gwine on. Uh, uh! don't talk ter me 'bout no dreams."

The whole matter was settled when Buster cried out from the next room: "What fuss was that you were making in there last night squealing and squeaking?"

The matter was soon explained to Buster John, and after breakfast the children went out and sat on the big woodpile and talked it all over. The boy asked a hundred questions, but still his curiosity was not satisfied.

All this time the birds were singing in the trees and the wood sawyers sawing in the pine logs. Jo-reeter, jo-reeter, jo-reeter sang the birds. Craik, craik, craik, went the wood sawyers.

"There were fifty dozen of them," said Buster John.

"Fifty-five thousand you'd better say," replied Sweetest Susan. "Just listen at them!"

"No needs ter listen," cried Drusilla. "You'd hear 'em ef you plugged up yo' years."

Maury put his knife blade under a thick piece of pine bark and pried it up to find one of the busy sawyers. The bark was strong, but presently it seemed to come up of its own accord and out jumped the queerest little man they had ever seen or even heard of except in make-believe story books. Buster John dropped his knife and down it went into the woodpile. He could here it go rattling from log to log nearly to the bottom. Sweetest Susan gave a little screech. Drusilla sat bolt upright and exclaimed:

"You all better come on go see yo' ma. I want ter see 'er mysef."

But there was nothing to be frightened at. The tiny man had brushed the dust and trash from his clothes and then turned to the children with a good-humored smile. He was not above four inches high. He had on a dress coat. Drusilla afterward described it as a claw hammer coat—vee-teen knickerbockers and silver buckles on his shoes. His hat was shaped like a thimble and he had a tiny feather stuck in the side of it.

"I'm much obliged to you for getting me out of that scrape," he said with a bow to all the children. "It was a pretty tight place. I stayed out last night just one second and a half too late, and when I went to go home I found the door shut. So I just crawled under the bark there for a nap. The log must have turned in some way, for when I tried to crawl out I found I couldn't manage it. I wouldn't have minded that so much, but just when I saw one of those terrible flat-headed creatures making his way toward me. Why, his head was a sawmill. He was gnawing the wood out of his way and clearing a road to me. I tried to draw my sword, but I couldn't get it from under me. Then I felt the bark rising. I pushed as hard as I could and here I am."

"Ax 'im his name," said Drusilla in an awe-stricken tone.

"Ah, I forgot," responded the little man. "I know you, but you don't know me. My name is Mr. Thimblefinger, and I shall be happy to serve you. Whenever you want me just tap three times on the head of your bed."

"Thank goodness! I don't sleep in no bed," exclaimed Drusilla.

"That makes no difference," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "If you sleep on a pallet just tap on the floor."

"Please, Mr. don't talk that way," pleaded Drusilla, "kase I'll be constant a-projectin' wid that tappin', an' de fus' time you come I'll holler fire."

"Don't notice her," said Buster John, "she talks to hear herself talk."

"Yes," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, tapping his forehead significantly and nodding.

Drusilla clapped her hands and said:

"Oh, I see I can I see I can come."

blefinger. "I'm sorry of it. I can't bring it up to you, but I'll see if I can't crawl under and get it out."

With that he leaped nimbly from log to log and disappeared under the woodpile. The children went down to see what he would do. They were so astonished at his droll appearance that they forgot their curiosity.

"Is that a fairy, brother?" asked Sweetest Susan in a low voice.

"No!" exclaimed Buster John with a lofty air, but not loudly. "Don't you see he's not a bit like the fairies we read about in books? Why, he was afraid of a wood-sawyer."

"That's so," Sweetest Susan rejoined.

"He's a witch, dat what he is," said Drusilla.

"Shucks!" whispered Buster John. He heard the voice of Mr. Thimblefinger under the woodpile.

"I've found it, I've found it!" he cried. And presently he made his appearance, dragging the knife after him. He tugged at it until he got it out, and then he sat down on a chip, wiped the perspiration from his eyes, and fanned himself with a thin flake of pine bark no bigger than a bee's wing.

"Pick me up and let's go on top of the woodpile," said Mr. Thimblefinger after awhile. "It's suffocating down here. Ouch! don't tickle me, if you do I shall have a fit." Buster John had picked him up by placing a thumb and forefinger under his arms. "And don't squeeze me, neither," the little man went on. "I was cramped un-

der that bark until I'm as sore as a holl all over. Goodness! I wish I was at home!"

"Where do you live?" asked Sweetest Susan when they were once more seated on the woodpile.

"Not far from here, not very far," replied Mr. Thimblefinger, shaking his head sagely, "but it is a different country—oh, entirely different."

Sweetest Susan edged away from the little man at this and Drusilla stretched her eyes.

"What is it like?" asked Buster John boldly.

Mr. Thimblefinger reflected awhile, and then shook his head. "I can show it to you," he said, "but I can't describe it."

"Pick 'im up an' show 'im to your ma!" exclaimed Drusilla suddenly.

"No, no, no!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger, leaping to his feet. "That would spoil everything. No grown person living in this country has ever seen me. No, no! don't try that. It would spoil your luck. I wouldn't be here now if the Doll's grandmother hadn't begged me to come with her last night. But I'll come to see you"—he pointed at Drusilla—"I'll come often."

"I des said dat fer ter see what you'd say," protested Drusilla. "You wan' gwine ter take 'im, wuz you, honey?" This question was addressed to Buster John, who scorned to answer it.

"Grown people wouldn't understand me," Mr. Thimblefinger explained. "They know a great deal too much to suit me."

"How do you get to your country?" inquired Buster John, who was keen for an adventure.

"The nearest way is by the spring," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "That is the only way you could go."

"Can I go, too?" asked Sweetest Susan.

"And Drusilla?"

"Oh, of course," said Mr. Thimblefinger, shrugging his shoulders. "One can go or all can go."

"Do you go down the spring branch?" asked Buster John.

"No, no," replied Mr. Thimblefinger. "Below the spring and below the branch."

"Do you mean under the spring?" Sweetest Susan inquired, with some hesitation.

"That's it," cried Mr. Thimblefinger, "right down through the spring and under

ed Drusilla. "Dat water's too wet fer me."

Buster John waited for an explanation, but none was forthcoming.

"We couldn't go through the spring, you know," she said presently.

"How do you know, Asked Mr. Thimblefinger, slyly. "Did you ever try it?"

He asked each of the children this and the reply was that none of them had ever tried it.

"I put my foot in it once," said Buster John, "and the water was just like other spring water. I know we can't go through it."

"Come, now," Mr. Thimblefinger suggested, "don't say you know. Sometimes people live to be very old and don't know the very things they ought to know."

"But I know that," replied Buster John, confidently.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Thimblefinger, pulling out a tiny watch, "did you ever feel of the water in the spring at precisely nine minutes and nine seconds after 12 o'clock?"

"N-o-o-o," replied Buster John, taken by surprise, "I don't think I ever did."

"Of course not," cried Mr. Thimblefinger, slyly. "You had no reason. Well, at nine minutes and nine seconds after 12 o'clock the water in the spring is not wet. It is as dry as the air we breathe. It is now two minutes after 12 o'clock. We'll go to the spring. Wait until the time comes, and then you will see for yourself."

As they went toward the spring—Mr. Thimblefinger running on before with wonderful agility—Drusilla touched Sweetest Susan on the arm. "Honey," said she, "don't let dat creetur pull you in de spring. Goodness knows, ef he puts his han' on me I'm gwine ter squall."

"Will you hush?" exclaimed Buster John, impatiently.

"Watch out, now," said Drusilla, defiantly. "Ef you gits drowned in dar I'll sho' tell yo' ma."

Fortunately, there was no one near the spring, so Mr. Thimblefinger advanced boldly, followed closely by the children.



MR. THIMBLEFINGER RUNNING ON BEFORE WITH WONDERFUL AGILITY.

though Drusilla seemed to hang back somewhat doubtfully. When they arrived there Mr. Thimblefinger took out his tiny time-piece and held it in his hand. The children watched him with breathless interest, especially Buster John, who was thrilled with the idea of having an adventure entirely different from any that he had read of in the story books.

As the little man stood there holding his watch and looking at it intently the dinner bell rang, first in the hallway and then in the back porch. The children remembered it afterward.

"You all better go git yo' dinner 'fo' it git col', stidder projickin' 'roun' here wid you dunner what," remarked Drusilla.

"Now!" exclaimed Mr. Thimblefinger, "put your hand in the spring."

Maury did as he was bid, and, to his amazement, he could feel no water. He could see it, but he couldn't feel it. He turned pale with excitement and withdrew his hand. Then he put his other hand in, but the result was the same. He plunged his arm in up to the elbow, but his sleeve remained perfectly dry.

"Try it, sis," he cried.

Sweetest Susan did so, and boldly declared there was no water in the spring. She wanted Drusilla to try to wet her hand, but Drusilla suddenly declined.

Mr. Thimblefinger settled the matter by walking into the spring.

"Now, then, if you are going, come along," he cried. "You have just seventeen and a half seconds." He waved his hand from the bottom of the spring and stood waiting. A spring lizard ran near him, and he drew his sword and chased it into a hole. A crawfish showed his head, and he drove it away. Then he waved his hand again: "Come on, the coast is clear."

Buster John put his hand in the water again, and this seemed to satisfy him. He stepped boldly into the spring, and in a moment he stood by Mr. Thimblefinger, laughing, but still excited by the novelty of his experience. He called to his sister:

"Come on, sis. It's splendid down here."

"Is it wet?" she asked, plaintively. "Is it cold?"

"No!" replied Buster John, impatiently. "Don't be a baby."

"Come on, Drusilla. You've got to come. Maama said you must go wherever we went," cried Sweetest Susan.

"No, ma'am!" exclaimed Drusilla, with emphasis. "She ain't tol' me ter foller you in de fier an' needer in de water!"

But Sweetest Susan didn't wait to hear. She jumped into the spring with a splash and then stood by her brother very red in the face.

"Five more seconds!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger in a business-like way.

Drusilla looked in the spring and hesitated. She could see the water plain enough but then she could also see Sweetest Susan and Buster John and they seemed to be very comfortable.

"I'm comin'," she yelled, "but ef you all make me git drowned in dry water I'll ha'nt you ef it's the las' thing I do!"

Then she shut her eyes tight, put her fingers in her ears and leaped into the spring. She floundered around with her eyes still shut and gasped and caught her breath just like a drowning person, until she heard the others laughing at her, and then she opened her eyes with astonishment.

Suddenly there was a loud, gushing sound heard above and around them and under their feet.

"Watch out!" cried Mr. Thimblefinger. "Run this way! The water is getting wet again!"

The way seemed to widen before them as they ran and in a moment they found themselves below the "gum," or "curb" of the spring and beyond it. But as they went forward the bottom of the spring seemed to grow and expand, and the sun shining through gave a soft light that was very pleasant to the eye. The grass was green and the leaves of the trees and the flowers were pale pink and yellow.

Mr. Thimblefinger seemed to be very happy. He ran along before the children as nimbly as a kildie, talking and laughing all the time. Presently Drusilla, who brought up the rear, suddenly stopped in her tracks and looked around. Then she uttered an exclamation of fright. Sweetest Susan and Buster John paused to see what was the matter.

"Wharbouts did we come in it?" she asked.

Then, for the first time, the children saw that the bottom of the spring had seemed to expand until it spread over their heads and around on all sides as the sky does in our country.

"Don't bother about that," said Mr. Thimblefinger. "No matter how big it looks, it's nothing but the bottom of the spring after all."

"But how are we to get out, please?" asked Sweetest Susan.

"The same way you came in," said Mr. Thimblefinger.

"I tol' you! I tol' you!" exclaimed Drusilla, swinging her right arm up and down vigorously. "Ef you kin fly you kin git out, an' you look much like flyin'. Dat what you git by not mindin' me an' yo' ma!"

"Tut! tut!" exclaimed Mr. Thimblefinger. "Till 'sick' the katydids on you if you don't stop scaring the little girl. Come! we are not far from my house. We'll go there and see what the neighbors have sent in for dinner."

Buster John followed him as readily as before, but Sweetest Susan and Drusilla were not so eager. They had no device, however, and Drusilla made the best of it.

"I ain't skeered ez I wuz. He talk mo' and mo' like folks." So they went on toward Mr. Thimblefinger's house.

(To be Continued.)

Taming a Bird.

If anybody knows how to tame birds, it ought to be Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller; and these are her rules, which are simple enough for any one to understand and practice:

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal.

Place his cage near you on your desk or work table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient, and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him.

After this he will more readily take it from your lips; and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free.

As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes, and give you as much of his company as you desire.

A little boy, the son of a reporter, was asked what his father's occupation was, and replied, with all simplicity: "He is a dreadful accident maker for the newspapers."—Chicago Herald.

Troublesome Fractions.

During the reconstruction period which followed the war of the rebellion, a farmer and a negro appeared before the bureau officer of a South Carolina district, asking him to settle the terms of their contract.

It appeared that the farmer offered to allow his negro tenant one-third of the crop, while the latter stood out for one-sixth! It was only by the aid of six bits of paper, added and subtracted upon a table, that the captain succeeded in shaking the faith of the darky in his calculations.

"Well, boss," he answered, doubtfully, "ef you say one-third is the most, I reckon it's so. But I allowed one-sixth was the most."

Natural Inference.

Beware of trying to deceive children. How often must parents be taught this lesson?

"Why, mamma, you've got a gray hair in your bang!"

"Yes, dear. That came because you were so naughty to mamma yesterday."

"O mamma, what a naughty little girl must have been to do that!"

...to camp. ... talked in their ... they began preparation ... At 5:40 o'clock in the evening they started. They serenaded Mr. Folk, a storekeeper. On a little farther they serenaded a sick woman. Mr. L'Engle proposed it. We reached town about 9:30 o'clock p. m. and Camp L'Engle was broken up. W. L. W., Jr.

Some Industrious Pupils.

Two of the brightest pupils in the Boulevard school are Misses T. H. and Jay McBride. At the close of the recent session they were both on the honor roll. Miss T. H. sharing the first honor, in the fifth grade, with Miss Emelize Wood and Miss Jay McBride standing high on the roll of honor in the third grade, and winning the prize as the best speller during the session. Both of these little girls are bright, attractive and beautiful young maids and they have already commenced to fashion their characters for a sweet and lovely womanhood. In their elocutionary gifts they rank among the brightest children of the school. They are granddaughters of Generals T. R. R. and Howell Cobb.

This is a picture of Miss Emma Johnson, one of the brightest girls at the Crew street school. Miss Emma took the second honor in the sixth grade last year, and promises well to push some one for first honor next year. She is a daughter of Mr. S. H. Johnson. Miss Emma is very popular with school mates, and has won the esteem and affection of her teachers by her studious efforts and her determination to excel in her studies.

The first honor pupil of the sixth grade at the Crew street school this year was Miss Mary McGuire. Miss Mary had a very high standing throughout the year, and being one of the brightest girls in the school, captured the first honor in her grade. She is a bright, interesting young lady, and carries the honor she has won very modestly. She is one of the very best scholars in the Crew street school, and will doubtless continue to carry off honors in the future.

In the eighth grade of the Crew street school the first honor was won by Miss Daisy Stewart, the daughter of Mrs. J. A. Stewart. Her yearly average was very high. Miss Daisy is a hard student and has a bright mind, as the honor she won gives evidence of. In the fifth grade of the Crew street school the first honor was won by Miss Mary Ann Rucker, the little daughter of Colonel Timmy Rucker. She inherits her bright her father, which she credit to character.

trash and brush getting across the track. As we were running smoothly along at about thirty miles an hour, I suddenly saw a small speck away down the track. I was so used to seeing trash and brush on the track that at first it did not alarm me at all. But with the caution of an old engineer I kept an eye on the object. It suddenly took form, and all in an instant it came over me that it was a child. I reversed my lever, turned on the sand box and cried to my fireman, 'Run out Jim, and see if you can save it.' I, of course, had to stand to my engine.

"The fireman who was a brave fellow, was out along the engine in an instant. By this time, with the brakes on and the lever reversed, the train was running much slower, but with impetus enough to carry it over the spot where the child lay. I could not see Jim, but knew that he was crouched on the cowcatcher. It was a moment of suspense. With a slow jerk the train stopped, and to my unutterable joy I saw Jim step off of the cowcatcher with the child in his arms. Bending far over, as the train ran, he had caught it by its dress and lifted it from danger.

"It has been a trying moment for us both, and when it was over I began to feel what a strain I had been under for the few seconds which seemed like hours. But business is business, and after returning the child to its mother, who had come running out of a cabin nearby in time to see the rescue, the conductor cried out 'all aboard,' and we pulled out.

"I thought no more about the matter until the first of the month, when I received my salary. In it I found a check for \$50 additional and a complimentary note from the board of directors. Jim found the same in his. It was in my line of duty, and I did not want pay for it, but of course I appreciated the mark of esteem."

That is the story the ex-engineer told me. He re-established my confidence in wonderful rescues of that sort, and the next time I attend a school commencement and a young lady recites anything about the thrilling adventure of the engineer and the fireman and the child on the track, I will remember the story that the engineer told me, and listen with as good grace as possible.

Wonders in Miniature.

Mark Scarlot, a blacksmith of the time of Queen Elizabeth, made a perfect brass and steel padlock that weighed but one grain.

Max Kaufman, a jeweler of Berlin, has made an ivory chariot with movable wheels, the whole weighing only two grains.

Pliny tells us of a copy of Homer's "Iliad" known in his day so small that it could be hidden in the shell of a hen's egg.

At the last Paris exposition a Tyrolean exhibited a trained flea that operated a miniature of the great fifty-ton Krupp hammer. The model, which was of pure gold, with its upright, levers, etc., weighed but two grains. The hammer itself, perfect in every detail, weighed but one-third of a grain.

The miniature watch of King George III, which was kept for years in a London museum, was only the size of one of our silver dimes.

A Sugary Accident.

From The Buffalo Express. ... from that great book of life in ... of a Sen-

Facing a Bear.

One foggy morning the sleepers in a hunters' camp, on the bank of a Florida river, were aroused by the "Geow-ou-ou-ou!" of the dogs, roaring in chorus. Before any one could get on his feet, a huge black bear dashed out of the fog, through the camp, and, followed by the hounds, entered the dense canebrake that fringed the shore. Hunters and negroes rushed after the bear helter-skelter, over grassy holes and into sloughs, intent upon his chase. The experience of two or three of the hunters is related in "Wild Sports in the South."

There was a pause, and the prolonged "Oo-oo-o!" of the hounds showed that the bear was at bay. In a close thicket of canes I saw the bear on his haunches, with his back against a bank, his eyes red, his mouth open, shedding foam. The dogs were in a semi-circle around him, panting with rage, and bearing marks of his claws that had taught them discretion.

The "doctor" sat in front of the bear, six steps off, his feet buried in the sand, his coat and vest wide open, and his ax held in both hands directly in front of him, the handle sticking in the ground, and the blade pointed at the bear. He had tumbled down the bank in front of the bear, who was rampant.

I levelled my gun; a dull snap followed; the bear shook his head. Another snap, and another; my gun was wet with the dew. The bear growled and tossed its nose. The dogs rushed forward; the bear boxed them off with his fore-paws, sending one a dozen paces in the air, and giving another a long cut with his claws.

The "doctor" sprang up and aimed a blow at the bear's head; but with a slight motion of his fore-paw the fellow sent the ax flying among the canes. The "doctor" fell on his face, and the bear rushed off, followed by the yellow pack.

Another pause, and then the peculiar notes of the hounds told us that the bear was again at bay. We started to overtake him, and found the brute seated on the limb of a tree, about whose base were the dogs. Mike came up, glanced at the bear, and said: "The bear." A rifle shot and Bruin fell inert to the ground.

Get the Boys Into Business.

From The St. Louis Republic.

Phil Armour, of Chicago, says that if he lives several years longer he will die a comparatively poor man. His explanation of this statement is that he is constantly turning money and affairs over to his sons. As fast as they demonstrate ability to take care of certain interests, they are given to them.

If more of the rich men of the land would get their sons into active business instead of allowing them to drift along on large incomes, waiting for the "old man" to die, there would be fewer failures among the sons of the wealthy.

The Armours are all workers. As soon as one of them is old enough to sit at a desk he sits there. He is made to take an interest in the business, and after a time it becomes as much his as anybody's.

While there is no danger that Phil Armour will die a poor man, there is no danger, either, that he will not have sons and nephews who will be a credit to his name and who will increase rather than tear down the great fortune that the Armours have created since they came out from a New York farm years ago.

Feeding the Crowd.

"Say, mamma," said Tommy, coming in with his cap in his hand, and a winning smile on his face, "there are some boys out here with me, and won't you give me a cookie apiece for them?"

"Well, I guess so, my boy."

"And say, mamma?"

"What it is, Tommy?"

"They're awful hungry, and couldn't they have two cookies apiece?"

His mother laughed. "Well, yes, my dear, if they are good boys."

"Oh, they are, mamma."

"Very well. Here is the cookie jar. By way, Tommy, how many boys have you

...en, mamma?"

...to Cats.

...a tiger's ... grow ... ordi- ... kers ... ch-

... of the big gullies in this part of ... country. The country about here is ... and a big rain makes "wash- ... Sometimes a gully will be washed out in a night six or eight feet deep. There are some of them so deep that you could put a small church in them and the steeple would not come to the top. They make great playhouses, and look very much like small mountains, with their valleys and ridges. The boys play robbers in them, and have great fun rushing down from the small gullies into the big one, saying they are coming from their "dens." Of course we girls don't play that way. My brothers say we are "cowards" and are afraid to play robbers, but that is not the reason; we had rather play with our dolls.

I hope that whoever wins the "summer vacation" prize will write a good story. "The Castaways" was a good story, and we all thought how smart the boy must be who wrote and illustrated it himself. Some of the boys at school think they are smart, but they are not as smart as they think they are, for the girls stand head more than they do. Then when we beat them in spelling, or geography, or arithmetic, they say it is because we don't have anything to do but to sit up and study. They always have some excuse for our saying our lessons better than they do. Our teacher says it is because they won't study; and I think she is right.

—Emily Wright, Hazleville, Miss.

Dear Junior—I live out in the famous Shenandoah valley, in Virginia, where there was so much fighting during the war. My father was a soldier, and he tells me lots about how he fought. He goes to all the reunions, and says they have a big time with the old "vets," as he calls them, when they get together. He lived in Georgia for a long time after the war, and that is why he takes The Constitution. One day he told me that The Constitution was publishing a paper for the boys and girls, and handed me a copy of The Junior. I always watch for it now, and last week, when I saw your request for letters, I thought I would write you one.

It is now the time of the hay harvest here. We have finished with the wheat. I could tell the boys and girls a great many things about the fun there is in a wheat harvest, but it would take too long. It is not all fun, though. We have to carry sheaves, and we get wheat beards down our backs, which scratch and tickle until we are glad to get our clothes off at night. But they get stuck in our shirts, and when we put them on again in the morning they scratch just as bad as ever. Our hands are now mowing the hay fields, and all my little brothers and I are "shocking" hay. When we pile the hay up we call it a "hay doodie." We find lots of birds' nests when the mowers cut the hay short. There are a great many meadow larks here, and sometimes we find as many as fifteen or twenty nests a day, with from three to seven eggs in each. When we find a partridge nest we take the eggs home, and that night we get the cook to boil them for us. A partridge egg is much nicer to eat than a hen egg. I tried to eat a meadow lark's egg once, but it was not good.

Once we had a cousin to visit us from Baltimore. He was collecting birds' eggs, and the first time he found a held sparrow's nest he took all the eggs and blew the inside out of them with a glass tube; but he found so many in the next day or two that papa told him if he did not quit blowing he would blow himself away. When the men found out that he wanted birds' eggs they saved them for him, and when he went home he had a hat box full. He wrote to us that he traded them off to other boys for different eggs; but we boys never could see what he wanted with them.

—Alex Martin, Stewart's Draft, Va.

A Practical Application.

A little boy, who is very fond of his Sunday school studies, had recently for his lesson the twenty-third psalm. He was very much impressed with the passage "With my rod and my staff will I comfort thee." He did not exactly understand wherein the comfort lay, but accepted it with the rest of his verses.

The next day the little boy's mother heard a terrible clatter in the barnyard. The rooster was tiptoeing on the fence in a great state of trepidation and the ducks and drakes and guineas were flying in all directions, while the little boy was chasing the hens round and round the yard with a long fishing pole in his hand, shouting at the top of his voice every time he brought the pole down on their backs: "With my rod and my staff will I comfort thee."

His mother took him aside and by a practical application pointed out the error of his construction of the text.

...the French Enterprise.

...in the ... ch

How many times in your experience you

WAITED

thinking next week or next month will be time enough to buy a watch, although you know that you are needing it every hour in the day? Do you wish to wait?

UNTIL

you have missed a \$1,000 engagement because you buy a \$50 watch? Perhaps you think you can guess at the exact time when your train is going to leave, but do not be

TOO

sure of your accuracy in this direction; a good watch will save you a great deal of anxiety. Business men who study the economical disposal of their time cannot afford to be without a watch, for time is the equivalent of money. Better

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Wines!

California wines are ridiculously cheap just now. Most people can afford to use them for table use, as a substitute for water—better than water, of course—more healthful, too—these hot summer months—claret, reds, rhine wines, port, sherry, etc., etc.—come in and get our prices—interesting.

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Forget.

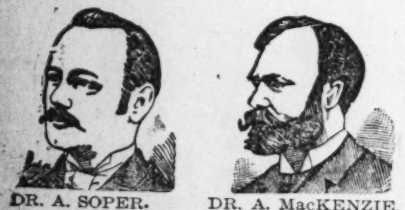
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All who visit the foreign doctors before August 24 will receive services two months free of charge. This benevolent offer is extended to the rich and poor alike. Having been selected from the highest graded colleges on the continent, they represent the best medical and surgical training in the world. All diseases of men and women treated. No matter what the name and nature of your disease may be, nor how long standing, do not fail to secure their opinion of your case as it costs you nothing. If incurable they will frankly tell you. During the past two weeks 421 visited the doctors and 182 were rejected as incurable. Hours 10 a. m. to 7 p. m. Sundays 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. Their office is known as the "Foreign Doctors' Office," No. 41 Walton street, corner Fairlie street, Atlanta, Ga. Those unable to call enclose a history of their case together with a 2-cent stamp, and address to Dr. A. Soper, No. 41 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

THE CASE DISMISSED.

Professor J. J. Kilpatrick, of Eufaula, Exonerated in the Police Court.

HE DIDN'T KNOW ATLANTA'S STREETS.

Conductor Harris Tells About the Trip from Macon—What His Young Lady Assistant Had to Say.

The trial of Professor J. J. Kilpatrick, of Eufaula, whose arrest, Thursday night, upon the charge of being drunk and disorderly, caused so much excitement in educational circles, took place yesterday afternoon.

After hearing exhaustive testimony and a full statement of the affair from the professor and from the young lady in whose company he was when he was arrested, Recorder Calhoun decided that the evidence failed to sustain the charge and dismissed the case altogether.

When the case was called a large crowd attracted by the prominence of the parties and the sensational features of the affair, was present.

It was with a determined and self-assured air that the young lady, who is developed as a teacher in the Eufaula school, walked into the courtroom and took a chair beside Chief Connolly.

During the proceedings she preserved the same calm, lady-like mien.

Detective Wooten outlined the basis of the charge against Professor Kilpatrick.

He said that at half-past 7 o'clock Thursday evening he and Detective Cason responded to a telephone message from Griffin which asked that a detective meet the Central train at 8 o'clock.

When the train arrived Conductor Harris pointed out Professor Kilpatrick and the young lady, and asked that they be watched. The pair left the carshed and walked up Alabama street.

The young lady would frequently stop and seemed to be arguing with her companion.

They walked up West Alabama street.

After passing the icehouse the young lady stopped. At this juncture the detectives interrupted the promenade and escorted the man to the station house where the charge of drunk and disorderly was entered.

Conductor Harris was also present as a witness and told about Professor Kilpatrick's actions while on the way from Macon to Atlanta.

"There was something about the way the gentleman conducted himself," he said, "that I could not understand. His attentions to the young lady over there were such that the notice of several of the passengers was attracted."

The young lady talks.

In her explanation of the affair, the young lady impressed all. It was an emphatic defense of the professor, delivered in a clear-cut and decisive way.

"Thursday morning," she said, "I left Eufaula for Atlanta. I came with the knowledge and consent of my parents to attend the present session of the chautauqua. On the same train was Professor Kilpatrick. I noticed after leaving Smithville that his actions were rather peculiar. He slept between Americus and Macon. He came near being left at Macon because I did not wake him up, and because of this became indignant. He said, also, that I had proved treacherous to our friendship."

"I consented before reaching Atlanta to let him secure a hotel for me. Of course, I placed the most implicit confidence in Professor Kilpatrick. I have known him for five years. He has at all times proven himself to be a perfect gentleman. I know no one in whom I would put more trust. I have never seen him in an intoxicated condition."

"As to the actions of Professor Kilpatrick after reaching Atlanta, they are easily explained. Neither of us knew the streets of the city, and I thought that he was on the way to a hotel. I am sure that his intentions were good."

Professor Kilpatrick was slightly nervous. He acknowledged that he was drinking to some extent, as he had been ill for several days before leaving Eufaula. He claimed that he was sober upon reaching Atlanta, and that his peculiar promenade was due to his ignorance of Atlanta's streets.

At the conclusion of the testimony, Recorder Calhoun dismissed the charge.

Yesterday afternoon the professor escorted the young lady to the local rooms of The Constitution.

"It is an unfortunate occurrence," he said, "and I think that the passengers on the Central concluded that I was trying to run away with the young lady."

He said that both attended the session of southern teachers which convened in Atlanta several years ago.

Professor Kilpatrick will remain during the session of the chautauqua.

Growth in knowledge is the only cure for self-conceit. Faith in Hood's Sassaaparilla is a sure cure for dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite and that tired feeling so prevalent in spring.

All persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Hood's Sassaaparilla. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons. Ask your druggist.

Dr. W. A. Hammond's Animal Extracts

Cerebrine for the brain, Cardine for the heart, Testine, Ovarine, etc. Two drachms \$2.50. Jacobs' Pharmacy, or Columbia June 23-30th this issue.

A Summer in the North.

Description of hundreds of the charming lakes and pleasure resorts of the north, northwest and west, the best route or routes by which they are reached, together with a list of hotels and boarding houses, the names of the proprietors and the rates per day and per week, and all information pertaining to a summer in the north are contained in a handsome publication entitled "Hints to Tourists," recently issued by the Chicago and Northwestern railway. Copies will be mailed free to any tourist upon application to W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago, Ill. June 2-1 m e o d

Christian Endeavor.

Special excursion for Cleveland and Niagara Falls, leaving Atlanta Tuesday, July 10th. One fare for the round trip, tickets good until September 15th. Address A. B. Carrier, No. 64 North Forsyth street, Atlanta, Ga. June 20 to July 10-10-00

Y. P. B. U.

Low Rates and Long Limits by the R. and D. to Toronto.

The rates by the Richmond and Danville for Toronto for the occasion of the Young People's Baptist Union, will be very low. The tickets from Atlanta being only \$28.10 for the round trip. These tickets will be sold July 16th and 17th, limited to July 21st, returning, and if deposited with the agent at Toronto will be extended and made good for return trip until September 15, 1894.

The trip by the Richmond and Danville via Washington, Baltimore and Niagara Falls, and is especially attractive.

June 15-17

Gala Day.

Next Saturday will be a gala day at East Lake. Many attractions will be offered for a day of pleasure, such as boat races, swimming matches, sack races, and at 1 o'clock a grand barbecue will be served in the pavilion, and outside of all other attractions, music and dancing will be had for the entire day. Don't forget, if you want a day of rest and pleasure, take to East Lake Saturday, June 23d.

June 23-24

Rates to Denver Reduced.

The Atlanta and West Point railroad has reduced the rate to Denver, Col., and return from \$11.20 to \$9.35. Tickets on sale June 23d, 24th and 25th, good for thirty days. Only one change of cars via this line.

Dr. Hathaway & Co. are the leading specialists in all diseases peculiar to men and women. 22 1/2 South Broad street.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

World's Fair Highest Award.

DANGERS OF DRESS.

How Men and Women Run Great Risks During the Summer in the Way They Are Clothed.

Few people think at this time of the year of the great importance of dress.

In the winter people dress warmly because they know it is a necessity, but in the summer, when it is hot, they go to the other extreme and even dress too lightly.

Hot weather causes people to use light clothing; but suddenly the wind changes, the air becomes chilly, and a cold is pretty certain to be the result.

Now, where most people make a mistake is in not guarding against these sudden changes quickly and in time. Any man or woman who has on a light suit of clothing, and feels a change which brings a chill, should at once counteract the chill. This can only be done by the use of some pure stimulant, not gin and tonics, but a pure medicinal whiskey that will refresh the system, cause the blood to circulate, and bring about immediate reaction. There is but one medicinal whiskey that will do this, and that is Duffy's Pure Malt. It has for twenty years accomplished what has never been known before in counteracting the first symptoms of sudden colds and preventing the possibility of pneumonia, fevers and all the distressing complaints which follow any cold.

It should be remembered, however, that Duffy's Pure Malt is the only whiskey which will certainly accomplish this, and how ever much dealers may talk to the contrary, it alone should be taken.

At a good restaurant

you often order those delicate dishes with delicious sauces, which you do not have at home. But did it ever occur to you that with

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?

Miss Maria Parloa

tells you how.

100 of her receipts sent postpaid by Danchy & Co., 27 Park Place, New York.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S

EXTRACT OF BEEF,

as a stock or basis, you could have those very dishes made in your own kitchen?

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BLACK AND BLUE

SERGE SUITS.

OCEAN SPRAY.
MOUNTAIN MISTS.
SUMMER SHOWERS.

Have no worry for the vacation suit if the stuff is Serge. There'll be days and days wherever your outing is when a Serge rig will mean health as well as comfort and peace of mind. Softly crisp to the touch, ready for rough wear or tender.

It's the bloom of the yarn that keeps ours as sightly in storm as in sunshine—\$10 to \$25. Just from the maker—fresh, perfect.

Cads-Well Co.

Silver Belts!

Silver Toilet Articles!

Everything in Sterling Silver Novelties. Infinite variety of beautiful and useful pieces in Sterling Silver and Cut Glass for wedding and other presents. Large stock of beautiful new and original designs in Diamond Jewelry at reasonable prices. We give you full value for your money.

MAIER & BERKELE, Jewelers.

31 Whitehall St.

Factory and Wholesale Department 28 1-2 & 30 1-2 Whitehall.

ARE YOU GOING TO BE MARRIED?

ARE YOU GOING TO TRAVEL?

If so, how are you rigged out? A lady or gentleman is known by the trunk or valise they carry. Throw away that shabby old trunk and valise, and get you an outfit at

GO TO THE ATLANTA TRUNK FACTORY, 92 WHITEHALL

And Get You an Out-fit at Cut-Rate Prices.

We must sell 10,000 trunks during the coming month. To effect this, everything goes now at 33 1-3 per cent off. Trunks that were \$12 go now at \$8.10. Trunks that were \$15 go now at \$10. Trunks that were \$20 go now at \$13.35. Trunks that were \$25 go now at \$16.65. Valises, Satchels and bags of all kinds go the same way. Remember this sale and secure your outfit at these cut rate prices. All new and fresh goods; no shoddy or shop-worn stock.

Lieberman & Kaufmann,

92 WHITEHALL STREET.

FOOTE'S TRUNK FACTORY,

17 E. Alabama Street,

Stop and consider your own interest. We are closing out entire stock of Trunks and Valises bought of receiver of the Foote & Bro. at half price, and is it now to your interest to call and examine our stock before buying? Also on hand a large stock of Tourists' Articles; also handsome Pocket Books and Purses. We are closing out less than cost. Retail and wholesale. Old Trunks exchanged for new ones. Trunk repairing a specialty. Call on us.

After Your Bath

When you have left the marble slab and stood beneath the fountain where a shower washed away the white foam of soap and are dreamily drowsing on the cool cane couch,

Pleasant Odors,
Odors of Health,
Scent the Air - - -

Artificial Massage and Turkish Baths, also Physical Training in a Scientific Gymnasium at the

Atlanta Hygienic Institute,
102 North Forsyth Street.

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS

for Watches, Diamonds, Spectacles and everything in the Jewelry line at rock-bottom prices. Satisfaction on all goods sold guaranteed. Watch repairing skillfully and reasonably done.

S. MAIER & CO.,
Wholesale and Retail Jewelers
June 1-2m 10 Peachtree street.

FOR RENT,

Large Double Store, next to Block's Candy Factory on Alabama street. Will make long lease with good party. Call on J. P. Chisolm, 37 North Broad.

Alaska Refrigerators

Are the Best in the World!

This claim is fully substantiated wherever an "Alaska" is used.

"THE REASON WHY."

The principal causes of decay in meats and fruits are DAMPNESS and VARYING TEMPERATURE. The qualities sought for in a Refrigerator are PRESERVATION OF PERISHABLE FOOD and an economical use of ice.

The "Alaska" is constructed upon the latest scientific principles, by which LOW TEMPERATURE and ABSOLUTE DRYNESS OF AIR are naturally and inevitably obtained.

The "Alaska" possesses a provision chamber FREE FROM ODOR AND FROM DAMPNESS. These results can be obtained only by a PERFECT CIRCULATION of the air in the Refrigerator, and its CONDENSATION IN THE ICE CHAMBER.

The "Alaska" keeps the air in contact with the ice longer than any other Refrigerator, condenses all the moisture before the air returns to the provision chamber, and in utilizing all the cold air, PRODUCES BETTER RESULTS WITH LESS ICE than any other make.

The "Alaska" is a perfect DRY-AIR REFRIGERATOR, and the best one ever constructed.

Sold only by

DOBBS, WEY & CO.,

61 Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

NOT GIVING GOODS AWAY!

But if you are on the lookout for a complete stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits and everything